



The Trouble with Twins



10 1 3

Chapter 1 by ShelleyM

The village in the woods was such a quaint and cheerful community that nobody who lived there wanted to leave. Indeed, if some stranger decided to drop by, they'd never leave either. The people were friendly, the soil was fertile, the schools and shops were in mint condition, and the weather was always pleasant. Everyone in town knew each other and was nobody was left out. Men would get together and play a few friendly games of cards after work, the women would gossip away happily during Wednesday luncheons, and the children would run and play out in the fields, never in any danger.

The woods surrounding the village might have been dark and creepy at first glance, and the children did quite like to make up stories to scare and dare each other, the men knew they were fertile hunting grounds and a weekend wasn't complete without some hunting party bringing back a nice dead buck for a venison dinner after church on a Sunday.

So it was no surprise that when the town mayor, Mr. Woods, announced that his wife was expecting the whole village got together to throw a most wonderful baby shower for the expected mother. Men offered their strong handshakes and grunts of congratulations while their wives squealed in delight and offered to touch Mrs. Woods' growing belly in the hopes of feeling a kick.

But on the day of the child's arrival, a hush fell over the tiny town. For it was not one little child that Mrs. Woods brought into the world, but two.

Twins, which W/H did it have to be twins

See more of Story Wars

Chapter 2 by mRly

If twins were born to this
but they knew it was inevitable.

Login

or

Create new account

If born would disappear

If twins were born to this town, the mayor knew the deal.

Prosperity. Happiness. Growth. All in exchange for the life of a duplicate. A mistake, said the dealmaker, a error of God – the life of something less than human in return for the lives of all in the town.

It had been terrible, the last two twins he'd had to kill. Presenting the infant bodies to the dealmaker felt worst. But now, now it was his own child he would lay before this demon.

He couldn't. But he must.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8 (1 draft)

i You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#) [Rooms](#) [Feedback](#) [f](#) [i](#) [t](#)

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account